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THOUGH THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE not been required to keep silent, generally they have refrained from comment on the Langer case while it has been pending in the senate and witnesses have been examined by the senate committee. As a matter of news the examination has been followed from day to day and reasonably full reports of the testimony have been published. But there has been very little evidence of a desire to prejudice the case or to influence the decision of the senate or its committee by premature comment. As a rule the newspapers have treated the case in a spirit of fairness and have observed the requirements of good taste with respect to it.



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FOR REASONS THAT ARE PRESUMABLY satisfactory to himself, one of the witnesses, James Mulloy, has seen fit to announce that he will cover the state with a series of "lectures" on the Langer case. Mr. Mulloy was quite intimately associated with William Langer as a state employe while Langer was governor of North Dakota. In the proceedings brought against the permanent seating of Langer in the senate Mulloy appeared as one of the principal witnesses against his former patron, and he presented a sorry and humiliating spectacle. According to the public record he appeared before the senate committee as a confessed criminal. If his testimony is true he was the willing and industrious agent in an effort to defeat justice by influencing the decision of a federal judge in a criminal case, and he has admitted participation in or knowledge of many of the other offenses with which Langer is now charged.

SO FAR AS THE MERIT OF HIS testimony goes, for the time being that is a matter for the senate investigators, but why should this man Mulloy, with his record so fully disclosed and his character so completely made clear, think it incumbent on him to go barnstorming about the state? Most North Dakotans have already heard enough from him.

A NOTE FROM T. A. SUHR, OF Grand Forks, a former Great Northern dispatcher, records the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Suhr at Bremerton, Washington, where they will remain for some time. They will spend the winter on the Pacific coast. Mr. Suhr sends also a copy of the Navy Yard Salute, which is published by the Puget Sound Navy Yard. The little paper contains a spirited account of the launching of two new ships which had just taken to the water. They are the Casco and the Mackinac, both seaplane tenders. Both were laid down May 29, 1940, and both will be ready to be commissioned early next spring.

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THE NAVY YARD PAPER HAS A description of what is said to be the world's smallest electric motor, with a picture of the motor standing beside the head of a pin. The pin-head is several times the size of the motor. The little machine actually runs, though it is necessary to use a reading glass to see whether or not it is moving. It was built by Merle Bassett, a local electrician, who has built several motors of which this is the latest and smallest. Persons interested in miniature mechanisms may be interested in the specifications of this little marvel, which are given as follows:

* * *

Size: 0.058 inch long, 0.058 inch high, 0.062 inch wide.
 Contains 11 pieces.
 Revolutions per minute: 3,600.
 Voltage: 0.017 of 1 volt.
 Construction time: 191 hours.
 Weight: One thousand, one hundred ninety-five one hundred thousands of 1 gram.
 It would require 2,388 motors this size to weigh 1 ounce.
 Shaft size: 0.004 inch in diameter.
 Stator winding: Eight turns of No. 40 enameled copper wire.
 Bearings: Gold sleeve.
 Horsepower: Three billionths of 1 horsepower.

* * *

THIS MIDGET MOTOR WAS SHOWN to President Roosevelt, who was greatly interested in it. However, Mr. Bassett doesn't intend to give the motor even to the president, as he wants to keep it himself. The nearest competing motor in the matter of smallness is one the size of a match head built by a Swiss craftsman, which won an international contest at Zurich. In size, it is a little over three millimeters high or .130 inch, as compared to .058 inch for the Bassett special. A nice effort we say on the part of the Swiss, but he should stick to his watches.

WHAT IS IT TO BE AN AMERICAN?

In answer it is sometimes said that to be an American is to have been born in the United States, or, born abroad, to have become a naturalized citizen. In either of those ways the technical requirements of Americanism are met. There are those to whom Americanism is measured by degrees, depending on the length of time or the number of generations through which one's family has inhabited the United States. Various other conditions and qualifications are suggested. In a leaflet published in recognition of Education week Jean Byers suggests her own conception of Americanism in the following:



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A PRAYER FOR AMERICA.

By Jean Byers.

Oh God, let me be an American,
But not for the name alone.
Let me feel the height and splendor of
her mountain peaks—
Let me take into myself the steep ascent
of ancient crag, the nearness to
the sky.
Let me look up as her mountains look up.
Give me the calm of her quiet hills.
And when I go into her cities
There let me stand in amaze
At the man-made heights of her build-
ings,
The architects' towering triumphs
That breathe high above the streets—
Proudly, clearly, for theirs, too, is splendor.
Let all the heights of this, my America,
be mine
In my heart to make me aspire and hope.
Oh God, let me take into myself
The breadth of our fertile farm lands.
Let me breathe into my soul the stretch
of her bearing miles.
The redolent orchards and grain fields,
The lush green of valley and pasture!
Give me the vision of long straight rows
Leading far into blue distance!
Give me the tolerance born of the see-
ing—
The waiting, the seed, and the nearness to
soil!
Oh God, drive into my veins the power,
The pulsing strength of my country!
The millions of men—the machinery—
The crash and roar of production—
The surge of the falls and the rivers,
Of the mighty dams and constructions,
The giant force of electric energy!
Let me feel the depth of the rich re-
sources,
The oil and the rocky minerals,
Coal and the vast, deep forests.
Let it all come into me, Oh God,
That the flow of my life may be great—
May be high and broad and deep
As the life and need of my country.
Let it all come into me, Oh God,
That I may be an American,
Not for the name alone
But for the hope, the vision, the power
That are deep in this, my America.

* * *

HARVARD UNIVERSITY HAS RECOGNIZED the importance of Esperanto as a means of international communication in the establishment of an extension course in Esperanto, which was opened on October 23 with G. Winthrop Lee, president of the Esperanto society of Boston as instructor.

PROBABLY MOST RESIDENTS OF the United States in thinking only casually of Latin America think of all the residents of the vast territory south of the Rio Grande as speaking Spanish. Many of them do, but the inhabitants of the largest Latin American country of all, Brazil, speak no Spanish. Their language is Portuguese, and it is not exactly the kind of Portuguese that is spoken in Portugal. The original language has been modified by local environment, so that there are marked differences between the languages as spoken respectively in the two hemispheres.

* * *

WHILE THE INHABITANTS OF THE other Latin Americas speak Spanish, their language, too, differs in many respects from the language of Spain. Many residents of Spanish America would have difficulty in understanding pure Castilian Spanish, and often the inhabitants of two Spanish-American countries find difficulty in understanding each other.

* * *

WE HAVE ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF current differences between two languages which are basically identical in the case of the French-Canadian province of Quebec. In that province the predominant language is French, but I am told that as spoken it is quite different from the language spoken in any part of France. It is said that the language as commonly spoken in Quebec has absorbed some features from the English and has been modified to some extent by Indian influence. The language of France, also, has been modified by contact with surrounding nations, but that modification has been in a different direction.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A DEFECT IN the laws governing jurisdiction over convicted criminals. Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, a notorious racketeer, has been serving sentences aggregating 44 years to life imposed by federal courts for numerous crimes by means of which he extorted some \$500,000 from small business men. Recently in New York he was convicted of murder, for which the penalty is electrocution. But in order for the state to execute him he must be released by the federal government, and his hope of evading electrocution is to continue serving his sentence under his federal conviction. The only way out of that seems to be for the president to pardon him, then the state can have him. But if the president pardons him and then some flaw is found in his New York conviction he will go free.



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IN SOME OTHER DEPARTMENTS there is such a thing as performing an act "without prejudice." Why couldn't that be made to fit Lepke's case. Let the federal government lease or lend Lepke to the state of New York without prejudice to its own claims. Then let New York electrocute the fellow, if it can. If it can't, the federal government can resume possession and see that the 44-year-or-life sentence is carried out. There ought to be some such way of handling it.

IN THE CURRENT ATLANTIC IS A biographical sketch of John Dewey, the famous philosopher, by Max Eastman, a former pupil of Dewey. Among other things Eastman mentions the "trial" of Leon Trotzky, over which Dewey presided. Trotzky, for several years an exile from Russia, was then living in Mexico. Charges of treason against the Soviet government had been made against him and he had been challenged to return to Russia and stand trial. Understanding perfectly what the result of such a trial would be, Trotzky discreetly refused. A

self-created commission of Americans, headed by Dr. Dewey, went to Mexico with the avowed purpose of examining the evidence and giving Trotzky a fair trial.

THE COMMISSION WENT TO MEXICO and spent many days in conference with Trotzky, going over the history of his break with Moscow and checking up on his subsequent behavior. Its verdict, prepared by Chairman Dewey, was a complete exoneration of Trotzky. Eastman praises Dewey for the part he played in that investigation. I think the general impression in this country was that the entire proceeding amounted to a whitewash.

THERE IS NO SUSPICION THAT DR. Dewey intended anything other than an impartial investigation and a just verdict. But the record of the proceedings as published at the time warrants the belief that Dr. Dewey and other "commissioners" took with them the firm conviction that Trotzky was a great man who had been maligned and persecuted and that they carried that conviction with them through the curious "investigation" which they conducted. Only one result could be expected from an investigation conducted in that spirit, no matter how honest and sincere the investigators were.

MAX EASTMAN, AUTHOR OF THE biographical sketch, was at one time an enthusiastic Socialist, and he thought that he saw in the Bolshevik revolution in Russia the beginning of better things. Examination on the ground disillusioned him, and he has become one of the sharpest critics of Communism, and he seems to have receded from his belief in even some of the milder forms of Socialism. About 25 years ago he was greatly impressed with the possibilities of the Non-partisan league movement which had been launched in North Dakota by A. C. Townley, and my recollection is that at one time he visited North Dakota and made some speeches in support of the Townley movement. I may be in error about his visiting the state, as I haven't checked up, but Townley's movement attracted the attention and received the support of most of the conspicuous radicals of that period.

REVIEWING A BOOK ENTITLED "Short Grass Country," R. L. Duffus, able and eminent literary critic, says that when rainfall in the southern dust bowl is much less than 20 inches, the rancher "tightens his belt, or, in the time of the dust storms, puts his mortgage in his pocket and migrates." But, Mr. Duffus, the ranchman never has the mortgage. It's the unfortunate who lent the money who has that.

* * *

OF COURSE, MR. Duffus knows all that. His statement is merely a form of expression, but as it stands it is reminiscent of that popular feature in the old melodrama which had the financial wolf licking his chops in anticipation of the failure of the owner of the farm to pay off the mortgage on the day it is due. Then and forthwith the miserly old curmudgeon will step in and take possession, turning the family outdoors without notice and without ceremony. But at the last moment the long-absent son, or perhaps the daughter's sweetheart, arrives with the money just before the clock strikes, and the farm is saved.

* * *

THAT FEATURE WAS ALWAYS RECEIVED with cheers, and the steps leading up to it often brought tears. It seemed not to have occurred to the writers of the script or to the audience that even in states where procedure is most swift, the foreclosure of a mortgage calls for certain formalities which take time. The creditor doesn't just step in and take possession the moment payment is delinquent. As things were shaping in some of the state, North Dakota included, a few years ago, it began to be doubtful whether the creditor would ever be able either to get his money back or to get possession of the mortgaged property. But no picture of the troubles of the mortgagee would have stirred the old melodrama audience.

* * *

THE OTHER DAY I GAVE THE specifications of what is said to be the world's smallest electric motor. Now I have before me a picture of what is described as the world's most powerful X-ray machine. It seems almost like stepping from the infinitesimal to the infinite. Many of us have had some experience with X-ray machines such as are used in hospitals. They are rather bulky things, equipped with a bewildering array of gadgets, and they are rather calculated to inspire terror in a nervous patient. But they are mere midgets compared with the giant that has been built at Schenectady, New York.

* * *

NO VERBAL DESCRIPTION CAN convey an adequate impression of the X-ray monster. The photograph does better. In it are shown several men stand-

ing around the base of the machine and among its columns, and in relation to them the machine columns look about like supports for a suspension bridge. The columns are 30 feet high, and the largest, which is filled with oil, weighs 18 tons. The machine develops 1,400,000 volts and cost \$500,000. It is to be used, not on human subjects, but in conducting various scientific tests.

* * *

DAVID WARFIELD WAS 75 YEARS old the other day, but he doesn't let that fact trouble him. He has had so many birthdays that he has no further use for them, and so far as he is concerned he would be glad to have birthdays abolished and just enjoy life, forgetting about the years that slip by. Recalling the days of the 90's, when the top price at a theatre was usually \$1.50, with modern prices twice that, he still thinks that the theatre is worth it as compared with the movies. He asks:

"Who wants to see animated photographs when they can see real actors and hear real voices on the stage? Not I."



Davies

BOB HAWK, WHO CONDUCTS THE "Take-it-or-leave-it" program on Sunday nights, is likely to hear from Hawaii. The questions in the particular list selected related to the geography of foods, the contestant being asked:

"With what foreign country is each of the following articles of food associated?" When it came to pineapples the candidate, after some hesitation, answered "Hawaii," and his answer was accepted as correct. Hawaii a foreign country! And the Hawaiians have been insisting right along that their territory is an integral part of the United States, and have been, and are, demanding statehood.



Davies

* * *

HAWAII, NOW A HIGHLY IMPORTANT outpost of the United States, has had a checkered history since Captain Cook first made it known to the people of the older world. Japan's determination to make herself mistress of Eastern Asia and the western Pacific lies at the root of current controversies between that nation and the United States. Less well remembered is the fact that well within the memory of men now living a vigorous effort was made to establish Hawaii as the center of a vast island empire in the Pacific.

* * *

THAT AMBITIOUS ENTERPRISE was conducted under the reign of Kalakaua, the last Hawaiian king, whose acquisitiveness and passion for power were fostered by several white advisers with whom he had surrounded himself. Pursuant to a proclamation declaring it to be the beneficent purpose of Hawaii to assist in improving the political and social condition of the island groups scattered through the Pacific, embassies were sent to several of the distant islands, and American and European governments were warned to cease their attempts to colonize Pacific islands. There is an interesting parallel between the attitude of Kalakaua toward the islands of the Pacific in the 70's and 80's and that of Japan today toward territory in and adjacent to the Pacific.

KALAKAUA'S REIGN WAS ONE OF sordidness and corruption. Opposing his ambition for absolute power, a reform party forced his agreement to a form of constitutional government, an agreement which he did his best to evade until his death. His sister, Lilioukalani, succeeded him, and she continued to struggle for absolute power until a revolutionary movement deposed her. During the confusion that followed a small American force was landed and, according to a report made by a later investigating committee, American pressure resulted in a treaty of annexation to the United States. That treaty, negotiated during the closing days of President Harrison's administration, was withdrawn by President Cleveland before it could be acted on, and for the next few years Hawaii existed as a republic. In July, 1898, a resolution accepting and confirming the cession of the territory to the United States, having been passed by both houses of congress, was signed by President McKinley, and Hawaii became a territory of the United States.

* * *

ANNEXATION OF THE TERRITORY to the United States was the subject of bitter controversy in this country which lasted for several years. When Cleveland, acting on the report of his commissioner, that the original treaty of annexation had been brought about by improper influence, caused the American flag to be lowered from its staff at Honolulu, he was denounced for "hauling down the American flag." On his behalf it was said that the flag should not be flown where it had no right to be. Following the final act of annexation the identical flag which Cleveland had caused to be lowered was raised over the territory as a symbol of American sovereignty.

* * *

URGENT DEMAND FOR STATEHOOD is made by residents of Hawaii. One obstacle is the mixed population of the islands. Another, and greater, is the fact that under statehood all the products of Hawaii would enter the continental United States free from the restrictions to which they are now subjected. This is vigorously opposed by our sugar interests as well as by some others.

COLONEL McCORMICK'S CHICAGO

Tribune is greatly excited over its purported discovery of an elaborate plan for the sending abroad of an American expeditionary force, which plan is said to have been prepared at the request of the president and submitted to him by the secretaries of war and of the navy. Nothing has been given out in Washington officially as to the genuineness of the published plan, but the administration is trying to ascertain the source of the Tribune's information.



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IF THE WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS have not on file well-developed plans for a big expeditionary force they have been culpably negligent. It is the business of those departments to anticipate the possible need for military action under almost every conceivable set of circumstances, and to have worked out in considerable detail plans for offense or defense against any sort of adversary. Such plans are being worked out continually even in times of profound peace, and those plans are always in process of change in order that they may be kept abreast of new developments in military science.

EVERY REASONABLY INTELLIGENT person knows that with most of the rest of the world at war the United States may become involved in the conflict. If that should occur and it developed that our departments had made no plans for dealing with such emergency, those departments would quite properly be condemned for gross negligence and incompetence. Sometime last spring Fortune magazine published an article by a military expert based on the hypothetical case of a war in which it became necessary to send an American force to occupy an important position in South America. Pages and pages of detail were given showing the thousands of things that would be necessary for the assembling and equipping of the required force before it even left its American port. When a nation has to go to war it does not "spring to arms overnight." There is a lot of work to be done, and it is the business of the appropriate departments to

know what must be done and how to do it.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DISTURBANCE on the University campus over athletic matters an editorial in the Student urges against wild outbursts and suggests that complaints be presented through proper channels. It occurs to me that it might not have been a bad idea if that course had been followed in the first place.

I SUPPOSE THAT SOMEWHERE there are still living a few University alumni who, as undergraduates, were participants in incident which occurred something like forty years ago, and in which the late Senator Jud LaMoure of Pembina figured. Those who knew LaMoure will remember that with a brusque manner and a fighting spirit, he combined a lively interest in the University and an intense hatred of waste and inefficiency. More than most men he had the gift of silence, but when moved to utterance he could and did express himself forcefully and effectively.

DURING A VISIT TO GRAND FORKS Jud and two or three friends went across the river one night for a quiet drink. In the barroom were about half a dozen University boys whose few drinks had made them talkative. They were declaiming loudly about the way in which the University was run. It didn't suit them, at all. They were particularly incensed because neither president nor faculty gave sufficient consideration to the wishes of the undergraduates, and a bystander might easily have supposed that they intended to take the whole institution out of the hands of its constituted authorities and run it themselves.

LAMOURE, WHO HAD NOT BEEN recognized by any of the youngsters, listened for a while in silence. Then he opened up. He was neither vulgar or profane, but, scarcely raising his voice, he poured out a torrent of words every one of which must have raised a blister. He told those young chaps something of what the University was trying to do for them and what they owed to it in loyalty, industry and discipline, and when he got through that little group of shocked and crestfallen students quietly faded away. Those lads, if still living, must be around 60 now. Perhaps they have since felt like thanking Jud LaMoure for the dressing-down that he gave them.

MRS. ROY OLSON, OF REYNOLDS, sends several pansies which she picked in her garden on December 3. She had gone out to cover the plants for the winter, but found them blooming away. The pansy is one of our very hardy blooming plants. Plants that are covered with snow while blooming in the fall will often be found bearing the same blossoms in the spring. Sometimes it is thought that the plants go on blooming under the snow. I doubt that, but the blossoms do often live over.



Davies

About two weeks ago Mrs. Oscar Stromme asked for the words of the song "Can the Circle be Unbroken." Mrs. Mary Bell of Crystal, supplies the text as follows:

* * *

WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN?

There are loved ones in glory
Whose dear forms you often miss.
When you close your earthly story
Will you join them in their bliss?

Chorus.

Will the circle be unbroken bye and bye
In a better home awaiting in the sky?

In the joyous days of childhood,
As they told of wondrous love,
Pointed to the dying Savior,
Now they dwell with him above.

You remember songs of heaven
Which you sang with childish voice;
Do you love the hymns they taught you,
Or are songs of earth your choice?

You can picture happy gatherings
'Round the fireside, long ago,
And you think of tearful partings
When they left you long ago.

One by one their seats were emptied,
One by one they went away,
Now the family is parted,
Will it be complete some day?

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF THE official publication of the Jonathan club, outstanding social club of Los Angeles, has a portrait and biographical sketch of William V. O'Connor, son of the late W. V. O'Connor, of Grand Forks. Young Will is well remembered here as a University student. Since leaving Grand Forks and completing his law course he has been engaged in professional work in Washington, D. C. and Los Angeles, where he is now head of the law firm O'Connor, Gray and Strock. Five years ago he completed the writing of a valuable law book, "National Bank Decisions," and he has just had published another book entitled "The Law of National Banking," the foreword to which was written by Robert H. Jackson, then attorney general and now an associate justice of the supreme court.

* * *

LEROY GODFREY, COLORED, AGED 18, appeared in a New York court to be sentenced for an automobile theft. Sentence was suspended and the youth was placed on probation. Then it developed that he had been so anxious to be in court on time that he had stolen another automobile and driven it to a nearby parking place. Then, after being paroled, he drove off in his newly stolen car and used it for five days before the police caught up with him.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY'S STREET CARS made their "last" run in June but extension of the run of buses to the airport caused them to be started up again and they are now in service. Additional buses could not be obtained because of the defense program.

SPECULATING ON AMERICAN ENTRANCE into the present war someone recently described April as the usual time for the beginning of United States wars, hence we should probably get started last April, or, failing that, in April, 1942. It is true that the Revolutionary war, the Civil war and the war with Spain began in April, but wars do not go by the calendar, or according to precedent. Our war with Japan has begun in December.

The element of surprise was absent from our earlier wars. Paul Revere gave warning of the advance of British troops on Lexington. In 1861 southern states had already taken possession of much United States property and the firing on Fort Sumter was not unexpected. In 1898 the sinking of the Maine shocked the American people and stirred their emotions to warlike fever. But while that event aroused feeling, it was not on it that the American declaration of war was based. In substance Spain was warned to cease making war on Cuba by a given date. As she did not comply a state of war was declared to exist.

* * *

IN 1917 PEOPLE OF UNITED STATES were prepared for war by a long list of events leading up to it. The sinking of the Lusitania provoked indignation, but there was no declaration of war for nearly two years thereafter. Meanwhile, though President Wilson had done everything in his power to keep the United States out of the war, the clouds had been gathering. Incident after incident of a provocative nature occurred, and the break-



Davies

ing point was reached early in 1917. No one was taken by surprise.

* * *

IT HAS BEEN A MATTER OF COMMON knowledge that for some time our relations with Japan were becoming critical. But there remained the hope, and to a considerable degree, the belief that war might be averted. The Japanese did everything that they could to support that belief, although, as is now evident, they did not intend to avert war. While they were negotiating in apparent good faith and expressing the belief that a peaceful agreement would be reached, they were distributing their ships in such strategic places that at a given moment they could strike the United States at points along an ocean line of five thousand miles. That makes this war different, from the very outset, from any other in which the United States has been engaged. It is not too much to say that in its treacherous onset it differs from any other major war ever waged.

* * *

STRATEGEMS TO DECEIVE THE enemy are usual and permissible in time of actual war. But in the events which precede actual war there are some things which honorable men do not do. There is every reason to accept without reservation the statement made by Secretary of State Hull that in all his negotiations with Japanese representatives he had never uttered an untruth. He had the right to expect equal frankness and veracity from the Japanese. Without the confidence inspired by conviction of good faith there may be horse-trading, but there can never be real constructive negotiation. The Japanese have shown conclusively that they were not acting in good faith, and that they were presenting falsehood rather than truth.

* * *

MILD WEATHER IN THE EAST HAS started plants of many kinds blooming out of season. The New York Botanical Garden at Bronx park reported the other day that many spring plants were blooming, among them buttercups, bluebells, iris, bleeding heart, gaillardia, wallflower, flowering cherry, Japanese quince, forsythia, primroses and roses.

FROM AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT I have just received a copy of Mother Shipton's prophesies, carefully penned by hand. I wonder if the correspondent did not see the list of prophesies published



Davies

in this column a week or so ago. While there are minor differences, the two texts are substantially alike. Anyway, thanks for the copy.

In the 1941 edition of the Anthology of Newspaper verse there appear two poems by Flora Cameron Burr, of Bottineau. One of these, "A Scot Salutes the Star-Spangled Banner," was published in the Pathfinder and in several North Da-

kota papers as well as in southern publications. The other, "A Needle, My Lord," was written in behalf of the Women's Sewing Project for North Dakota.

* * *

THIS IS THE SIXTEENTH CONSECUTIVE year in which some of Miss Burr's verse has appeared in the Anthology, which is devoted entirely to verse which has appeared during the preceding year in some newspaper or other periodical and which expresses in some form the thought of the year. Several of Miss Burr's poems have been published in the Herald, and I am sure they have given pleasure to many readers. Miss Burr is a sister of Chief Justice Burr, of the North Dakota supreme court.

* * *

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE BETWEEN this war and that of 1917 is that this time steps were being taken to prepare casualty lists before many of us knew that there was a war on. In 1917 there were no airplane carriers and no long-distance bombers, and aside from what were almost chance naval encounters it took a long time to move their respective forces to places where action was possible. This time the fighting preceded news of the war.

* * *

ON MONDAY SEVERAL MILLION persons in this country and abroad listened to the president of the United States

as he delivered his address to congress asking for a resolution declaring the existence of a state of war with Japan. Not only were the words audible, but the tones and inflections which marked the delivery were clearly distinguished. Nobody outside of the capitol heard the address of President Wilson urging a declaration of war against Germany. In less than 25 years the impossible has become possible and even commonplace so swiftly does change occur.

* * *

PRESIDENT HARDING WAS THE first American president ever to broadcast an address by radio—and he didn't like it. Like many other speakers he found it difficult to maintain his position properly before the microphone. He had been accustomed to complete freedom of action, and under the new conditions he felt shut in.

* * *

MANY IMPORTANT CHANGES IN form of public address have been made by radio. The radio has done much to abolish the spread-eagle style of oratory which once was popular. The speaker addicted to that form usually gesticulated furiously, and he was apt to wander all over the platform. He may still make gestures, but his physical wandering is restricted. He must keep where he can talk into the mike. Curtailment of physical movement has done much to lessen vocal effervescence.

* * *

MANY SPEAKERS, PERFECTLY AT ease in addressing large audiences, have had severe fits of stage fright before the microphone, and some of them haven't yet got over it. In some cases the feeling of strain is most pronounced when the address is delivered in a small studio with no audience present. There is inspiration in the presence and the responsiveness of a large audience, and without those aids even the reading of a manuscript speech sometimes becomes dull and lifeless, whereas, delivered before a receptive audience it would have seemed full of fire. By many President Roosevelt is considered the best radio speaker in the country, a judgment with which I have no quarrel.

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN POINTED OUT that quite often we in the United States have been better informed concerning events on the war front than have those at or near the front itself. During a war means of communication are confused and distorted. An illustration of that feature occurred here when a local young woman called her sister in California to learn at first hand what was doing on the coast. The telephone call was put through, and the caller was gratified to learn of the safety of her sister. But as to news, the sister said "Out here we don't know a thing, and if you'll tell me what has been happening I'll be glad to pay for the telephone call." For hours radio communication all along the coast had been suspended, and local telephone wires either were overloaded or were out of commission altogether. The California lady got the news of California and general happenings from her sister in Grand Forks.



Davies

* * *

AS EXAMPLES OF THE SPIRIT which seems to prevail:

An East Grand Forks youth, asked whether he'd enlist in the army, navy or marines, said: "I don't give a damn. I'll take the outfit that'll get me over there fastest to start shooting those little——."

An East Grand Forks youth, just before leaving for Fort Snelling for a pre-induction army physical examination (he is to be inducted in January) said: "Before the war started I hoped I'd flunk. But, now, well, I hope I make it."

YESTERDAY I WROTE SOMETHING about the influence which radio has had on public speaking. Most decidedly it has tended to tone down the old grandiloquent style of oratory. But not all oratory was grandiloquent. At the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg Edward Everett delivered an address which was acclaimed as a masterpiece. It was dignified and scholarly, the very reverse of grandiloquent. Nobody now knows what Everett said, and it would be rather difficult to find a copy of his address.

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ON THE SAME OCCASION ABRAHAM Lincoln "made a few remarks." That was all that was expected of him, for he was not the "orator of the day." He spoke very briefly, and there was nothing impressive about his manner unless it were intense earnestness. Only a few heard him, for there were no loud-speakers, and those who were within hearing distance were weary from listening to a long address and many of them had begun to move away. Lincoln's voice did not carry far through the confusion. There was nothing spectacular about his language. The address was simplicity itself. Yet, without rhetorical artificiality, and with no studied tricks of oratory, that speech lives as one of the finest expressions of human thought.

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SO, WHILE THE RADIO HAS DONE much to simplify the art of public speaking, simplicity did not have to await the arrival of radio. The simple appeal of logic to intelligent thought and of warm sympathy to human emotion were effective in the days of the great Hebrew prophets and when Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount.

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I HAVE HEARD SOME AMUSED comment on the placing of guards at the Grand Forks river bridges. Nobody objects to it, but some think it funny. Who would want to meddle with those bridges, and why? I'm sure I don't know. But I do know that something very tragic and entirely unexpected occurred last Sunday, and that the chief actors in that drama must have been preparing for it for a long time. Their preparations were made secretly and were for the purpose of inflicting the greatest possible injury on the United States. Wherever it was possible for Japan to make preparation for any act which would impede American communication, American industry, American traffic or anything else that may contribute to American military effort, we may depend on it, that preparation has been made, and the execution of the plan awaits only a favorable opportunity. There may be no plan to meddle with our bridges, but it would be idiotic not to provide adequate protection in case such plans have been made. Without hysteria and without panic we must provide at every turn against possible acts of destructiveness by a resourceful and determine enemy. If, in a given case, the precautions are not necessary, so much the better.

WHEN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN war broke out the United States was almost as poorly prepared for it as a nation could be. One factor that helped to save the situation for the United States was that Spanish preparation was even worse. Relatively the American navy was in fairly good condition. We had some steel ships to oppose to the wooden hulls of Spain, and as assistant secretary of the navy Theodore Roosevelt had injected into the navy something of the spirit of efficiency.

Secretary Long was a fine, patriotic gentleman, quite good at routine, but he lacked imagination and push. Roosevelt was a bundle of energy, and he wanted the navy made an effective fighting force. Long good-naturedly let him have his way, and to all intents Roosevelt became secretary of the navy. Among other things he insisted that naval men learn to handle the guns with which their ships were equipped. Until then while the men in charge of the guns had been able to fire them, they hadn't much idea where the shots were going to land. Roosevelt said "The only shots that count are the shots that hit" and in one way and another he wangled appropriations from congress large enough to provide for quite elaborate target practice. Before that war broke out the navy actually could shoot and hit. The effect of that drill was seen at Manila and at Santiago, which was more a slaughter than a battle.



Davies

ence had not yet discovered the protective nature of vaccination for that disease. Now the soldier enjoys almost perfect immunity even though the external conditions are undesirable. In 1898 those conditions were far from desirable. Poor judgment was often shown in the selection of camp sites, and in some cases thousands of men lived for weeks on sodden and undrained ground. Now all that has been changed.

* * *

FOR SEVERAL YEARS PRIOR TO THE war with Spain there had been in Grand Forks a company of the National Guard, Company F. But the company had a fitful existence and there was only slight interest in it. Attendance at drills was poor, and it was difficult to maintain even a skeleton organization. Several times the company had been on the point of dissolution, and when news of the war came there was no military unit in Grand Forks that was considered fit for service. With news of the war there came a flurry of enlistments, but it was too late, and Grand Forks was not represented by a company in that war. Many of the members of Company F. joined up with other companies in the state. Company C. of Grafton, received several Company F men, who later saw service in the Philippines with that company.

* * *

NORTH DAKOTA'S NATIONAL Guard didn't get into the war with Spain. That war was ended too quickly. But North Dakota was well represented in later operations in the Philippines, and there our men became seasoned soldiers and gave a good account of themselves in climatic and other conditions to which they were unaccustomed.

AT THAT TIME THE AMERICAN army consisted of but a handful of regulars, and it became necessary to improvise an army almost from the ground up. The National Guard was called into service. Its training had been almost entirely local, and the assembling of its units into battalions, regiments and divisions was attended with indescribable confusion. There had been little experience in the transportation of large commands, and at many points the service of supply became bogged down. There was plenty of food in the country, and material of all kinds was abundant, but the task of getting that material to the places where it was needed in proper quantity and of suitable assortment was too great for many of those in high command.

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CONDITIONS IN THE GREAT ARMY camps became a national scandal. Little real use seemed to have been made of the lessons which should have been learned in the Civil war, and the big camps became hotbeds of disease. Only the most sketchy sanitary provisions had been made for sanitation. Soldiers were permitted to drink polluted water, and typhoid took its daily toll of deaths.

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ONE CAUSE OF THE PREVALENCE of typhoid in the army camps as contrasted with present conditions was that sci-

ON TUESDAY NIGHT PRESIDENT Roosevelt spoke of the circulation of unfounded war rumors and the dissemination of official information concerning war operations. He warned against the practice of presenting as fact statements which have not been verified by competent authority and against acceptance of such unverified reports by the public. He said further.

"Of necessity there will be delays in officially confirming or denying reports of operations, but we will not hide facts from the country if we know the fact and if the enemy will not be aided by their disclosure."

* * *

WITH THE WARNING GIVEN, AND with the statement of conditions under which information will be made public every intelligent and patriotic citizen will be in full accord. The people want, and are entitled to, facts, and not wild speculation. They will accept with calmness even the most distasteful facts if they feel confident that those facts are presented frankly and accurately and without attempt to mislead. They will accept as wise and necessary the withholding of facts whose disclosure would be likely to aid the enemy.

* * *

IT IS IN THAT SPIRIT, I THINK, that the country awaits further information than has yet been given of the events of last Sunday at Hawaii, information not only as to the extent of the disaster, but as to the reasons for it. That American forces at Pearl Harbor were taken by surprise is conceded. That they were not prepared to meet attack promptly and effectively seems to have been clearly established. All over the country people are wondering why, and they are entitled to know why as soon as the knowledge can be divulged without aiding the enemy.

* * *

IN SPITE OF THE BEST INTEN- tions in the world wild rumors will fly in the absence of trustworthy information, and the longer the real facts are withheld the more sensational and injurious the rumors will become. It is not for any of us here to say what in-



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formation that might now be made public concerning Pearl Harbor would be of assistance to Japan. But it is at least a fair assumption that the enemy who was skillful and resourceful enough to obtain detailed advance information on the basis of which he timed his attack with devastating precision, has already a fairly accurate estimate of the character and extent of the damage which he has wrought. As patiently as possible, Mr. President, the country is waiting for information, but, very earnestly and very consciously, it is waiting.

* * *

ONE OF THE ASININE DEMON- strations of the week, of which there have been several, was the act of some moron who chopped down some of the flowering cherry trees which adorn one of Washington's beautiful drives. As if there were any connection between those beautiful trees, which are of Japanese origin, and the treachery of today's Japanese militarists. Also, in East St. Louis, a central labor council ordered its members to invade local stores and destroy all articles of merchandise of Japanese, German or Italian origin. One of the essentials in a state of war is the element of self-control. Those who dissipate their energies in senseless and destructive acts are doing poor service to the nation.

* * *

ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL STATE- ments emanating from Berlin there will be no major Nazi operation along the Russian front until spring. Hitler is withdrawing his armies to selected positions where they will dig in for the winter. Those statements are to be accepted with reserve. In the first place there is no evidence thus far of Russian willingness to permit the Germans to dig in. On the contrary, the Russians have thus far been pressing the retreating enemy and forcing him to continue costly rear-guard actions. Russian determination to keep up the fight may interfere with the German program of digging in.

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CAREFUL OBSERVERS ARE GUESS- ing that German statements of intent to cease fighting on the east front for the winter may be intended to cover preparations for a grand attack in some other direction. One possibility considered is that of an attack in force on Turkey. Another is that a movement down through Spain and into Africa may be intended. Still another is that the real objective may be the invasion of Britain which has been so long deferred.

THOSE IN GRAND FORKS WHO met Peter Johnson and heard him describe his escape from Norway were intensely interested in his story and in the pictures which he showed of "Little Norway," the air camp at Toronto, where 1,000 young men who also have escaped from their home land and are in training for air service against the common enemy. These men are intensely in earnest and they are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to strike lusty blows for the liberation of their country.



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THERE IS AN INTERESTING PARALLEL between Johnson's story and that told in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post under the title "The Norse Travel Again." The Post story was told to the correspondent by young men who had recently arrived at Little Norway, and whose experiences in leaving home and in crossing the North sea in an open boat were strikingly similar to those described by Johnson. Risking their lives, all those young men have left home and friends in order that they may the better assist their exiled government in carrying on its work for freedom. They have left at home relatives and friends in whom the fire of patriotism burns unquenched, and who are resisting, quietly, but implacably, all the efforts that are made to subdue them. Where that spirit exists, even though its physical manifestation may be suppressed for the time being, the people cannot be conquered.

I HOPE NOBODY GETS THE IDEA this time that we should change the name of the capital of North Dakota because of the war. It happens that a long time ago the city was given the name of

Prince Bismarck as a courteous gesture to a group of German capitalists who had invested their money in the Northern Pacific railroad which was then being built. The investment proved an unfortunate one for them, financially, but that is ancient history, as is the naming of the city.

IN THE FORMER WORLD WAR there were a few suggestions that the city of Bismarck be given some other name, but, fortunately, the idea didn't take hold, nor is it likely to, this time. There were a few persons, it is true, who refused to eat sauerkraut. They insisted on "liberty cabbage." Frankfurters were taboo in some circles, and unfamiliar names were given to some other foods.

ALL SUCH NONSENSE IS FUTILE and petty. The city of Bismarck has been known by its present name so long that no one thinks of associating it with anything German, and neither the names of our cities nor of our foods are in the remotest degree related to the fact that the insane ambition of one man has plunged Germany into a war with most of the rest of mankind. The names that we have been using have proven satisfactory, and probably we shall continue to use them. And, if we are sensible, we shall continue to listen to good music, when we have the chance, without caring whether its composer was German, Italian, Russian or Scandinavian. It is pretty thin patriotism that can find no better way of expressing itself than in changing the names of places and things and refusing to listen to good music.

ONE OF THE MINOR INCIDENTS OF the war occurred during Japanese operations in the vicinity of Hong Kong. A Japanese scout was observed signaling from the top of what he evidently took to be a natural mound. It wasn't. It had been heaped up to conceal a land mine. Presently the mine went off. So did the scout. Neither has been seen since.

I FIND THAT I WAS MISTAKEN IN some of my references to local participation in the Spanish-American war. W. K. Treumann, who served with Co. C. of Grafton, tells me that no members of Co. F., of Grand Forks, served with the Grafton company. A few of them served with other North Dakota companies. Also, when I mentioned the Spanish-American war I was thinking particularly of Cuba. But the North Dakota National Guard did participate in the capture of Manila, and one of its members, a Bismarck man, was wounded in that engagement.

MRS. GEORGE E. BLACK WRITES from Berkeley Inn, Berkeley, Calif., that she has received word of the safety of her son Richard and his family, after the bombardment of Honolulu and Pearl Harbor on December 7. The Richard Blacks are living at Pearl City, which adjoins Pearl Harbor, and while they were not touched by the bombardment, they must have been close-range spectators of it.

Writing of conditions that developed on the coast upon the sudden outbreak of war Mrs. Black writes:

"The excitement here is intense, but life still moved on. The schools were closed Monday, but were soon reopened. There is much talk about the steps necessary to take in care of trouble. Radios were closed off for several hours, and there were orders for blackouts, as you have probably heard."

Mrs. Black and her daughter, Mrs. Menschel, send Christmas greetings to friends in Grand Forks.

* * *

UNTIL HIS SECOND TRIP TO ANTARCTICA about two years ago Richard Black represented the United States Interior department as the official in charge of outfitting and maintaining radio stations on the three tiny Pacific islands, Canton, Jarvis and Enderbury. Last summer he was transferred to the Navy department, which is understood to have taken over control of the icelands, and it is in the performance of his duties that he has headquarters at Honolulu, or, specifically, at Pearl City.

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THE THREE SMALL ISLANDS which are supervised by Black are near the equator, approximately 1500 miles south and a little west of Hawaii. They



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are flat specs of sand and rock, with no harbor facilities, and their only inhabitants are the men in charge of the radio stations recently established there. They have no usable harbors, and under no circumstances could they be used for naval offense or defense. Presumably a Japanese raiding squadron either by sea or by air, unless intercepted could destroy all three of the radio stations, or could land enough men to occupy the islands. That would destroy the usefulness of the islands to the United States for communication purposes, but those tiny specks out in the middle of the Pacific could not be used by an enemy as military or naval bases, nor could they be defended by any force that could be stationed on them. Their defense, if they are to be defended at all, must be from ships at sea or by planes operating from ships. Otherwise they are as defenseless as any similar number of square miles of water in the middle of the ocean.

* * *

DOWN IN ST. LOUIS THE CITY'S archery club is practicing up with its bows and arrows for defense purposes. The idea is that its members may be able to deal effectively with parachutist troops if any are landed within range. The club's publicity chairman says:

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"THIS MAY SEEM SOMEWHAT foolish, but it is exceedingly practical. The bow and arrow in the hands of an experienced archer is much more effective than a rifle in the hands of an ordinary citizen." He says also that the silence and the killing power of the arrows also favors the archers.

* * *

DURING THE FORMER WORLD war I read somewhere that on some fronts bows and arrows were being used for the propulsion of hand grenades. I wonder if any of our local men who went abroad ran across anything of the sort. Modern invention has by no means banished all the primitive methods of warfare. We think of horsemounted cavalry as having been completely superseded by mechanization, but only the other day an outfit of Mounted Cossacks put to rout a German mechanized command. We have the radio and the telephone, but the carrier pigeon, one of the very earliest war messengers, is still carrying messages. And a sturdy Scots farmer captured Rudolf Hess with a pitchfork.

A GRAND FORKS YOUNG MAN now employed in a defense industry plant on the Pacific coast tells in a letter home of the shock that the war news gave him. He writes: "Sunday was a very beautiful day, with the sun shining and the air very warm. In the forenoon I went for a walk, alone, that ended at the water front about a mile from my room. The grass was beautifully green, and the water sparkled as it flowed into the bay. Gulls were sailing around so peacefully, and everything was perfect.



Davies

"I watched a few boats moving quietly and then went home, taking my time and walking along the water front. When I got home I heard an announcer reporting the bombing of Pearl Harbor! Everything was so changed that I couldn't realize it."

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THE EXPERIENCE OF THAT YOUNG chap who was stunned by having the quiet of a beautiful Sabbath morning interrupted by the crash of war is typical of the effect of the sudden breaking of war news on Most Americans. The unbelievable, the impossible, has actually happened. And the effects have not been confined to mental reactions. The writer above mentioned continues:

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"THE ARMY HAS ALMOST TAKEN over our plant. Large army camps are near, and there are soldiers around, in and on top of the plant. We have had blackouts, both of radios and of lights, and when I say blackouts I mean just that. Not even a pinhole of light can be visible or an air-raid warden will be visiting you. It isn't at all convenient getting up in the morning and dressing while you stumble around in the dark. When I catch the bus I can't tell which one I am getting on. The bus is in complete darkness. The windows of our plant have been painted with black paint, so that even during the day working is just the same as at night. It is almost dark when I leave the plant, and quite dark when I reach home, so I don't have a chance to see much sunlight."

NEARLY 18 YEARS AGO I HAP- pened to be in contact for a few weeks with many naval officers ranging in rank from ensign up to the top of the ladder. They impressed me as a fine lot of men, cultured, patriotic, and intensely interested in their profession. Among other things discussed was the possibility, or probability, of war with Japan. That subject was naturally of interest to those officers because most of them belonged to the powerful battle fleet which was stationed in the Pacific.

* * *

THE OLDER OFFICERS WERE MEN of many years' experience. They had visited all the principal ports of the world, had been brought into close contact with naval men of all the seafaring nations under circumstances which enabled them

to form rather clear impressions of what was in progress around the world. At Japanese ports and at other seaports here and there they had met Japanese officers, professionally and socially. And I think that without exception our officers were convinced that the Japanese were heading for a war.

* * *

IT WAS TAKEN FOR GRANTED that the Japanese purpose was to make China a Japanese province, and the methods by which it was believed this would be attempted were striking like those which have actually been employed. This, it was felt, must ultimately bring Japan into conflict with the United States.

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THE OPINION THEN EXPRESSED was that in case of war between the two nations Japan could, and would, seize the Philippines. It was not considered possible for the United States at that time to maintain in the Philippines a force capable of resisting successfully a powerful Japanese attack, hence it was felt that quite early in the war the flag of Nippon would float over Manila instead of the Stars and Stripes. That would be the first phase of the war. The second, it was believed, would be marked by American recapture of the Philippines, for while it was believed that the Japanese could take the islands, it was not believed that they could hold them.

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ALL THAT WAS A LONG TIME ago. Since then there have been great changes. Manila's defenses have been appreciably strengthened. Pearl Harbor, almost in the center of the Pacific, has been developed into one of the greatest naval stations in the world. Then the largest planes could make only short flights and carry small loads. We had one aircraft carrier, the Langley, recently made over from an old hospital ship. The British, I think, had two carriers, and Japan perhaps one. The facts as they are today are quite different from those of 18 years ago, but in the light of current developments it is interesting to recall some of the conversations of that earlier period.

MRS. PEARL C. BLOUGH, FIRST police matron of Grand Forks, who, with her daughter Margaret visited friends here last summer, is now a member of the national staff of the U. S. O., with offices in the Empire State building, New York city. During the former World war Mrs. Blough had charge of a department of the Community Service organization, with headquarters in Chicago. For several years she has been engaged in social work in St. Louis. Her experience during the former war, and later in her St. Louis work, should fit her admirably for the work which she has now undertaken.



Davies

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IN HER POSITION MRS. BLOUGH will have general supervision of the program for women and girls in defense industries, directing that work from the New York headquarters. In many centers the local programs are sustained by the joint effort of the Y.W.C.A. and the Catholic Community Service. Mrs. Blough has returned to St. Louis for the Christmas holidays. On her return to New York she will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. S. C. Case, who will make her home there. Mrs. Case is also a former resident of Grand Forks.

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IF I COULD HAVE SEEN THAT DISPLAY of solar halos that startled Bismarck residents on Monday afternoon I might have been able to compare it with my recollection of a display of halos which I admired for two or three hours over in Minnesota one winter forenoon in the late eighties. That was the most remarkable thing of the kind that I ever witnessed. The weather was mild and

the morning had been somewhat foggy, somewhat like some of the mornings that we have had recently. The sky was gray, with the dimmed sun barely showing through. Late in the forenoon halos appeared, I couldn't guess how many, now, but there were many of them, not in concentric circles, but cutting each other, covering the sky with a regular and beautiful pattern.

* * *

EARLIER IN THE MORNING I HAD seen one sun, but now there appeared to be many, for wherever two or more circles touched each other there was a spot of more brilliant light, only slightly dimmer than the real sun. I had never seen anything remotely resembling it, nor have I since seen anything approaching it. I had no means of photographing it, but if I had had sufficient gumption I might have preserved a record of it by drawing a fairly accurate diagram of it. I didn't think of that until it was too late.

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SOME YEARS LATER IN CONVERSATION with the late Dr. H. E. Simpson I mentioned the display to him. Always interested in meteorological phenomena, he persuaded me to diagram the display for him from memory. I did the best I could, but I made a poor job of reproducing the brilliant pattern that I had seen. In his books Dr. Simpson had pictures of many halo patterns, but none that approached the one that I liked to call mine. And I didn't consciously exaggerate it, either.

* * *

THE SUPERSTITIOUS HAVE ASSOCIATED such aerial or celestial displays with tragedies affecting the human race, portents of evil or manifestations of the spirit of evil actually at work. If any of the Bismarck watchers the other day were touched with that sort of superstition they would readily have associated the display with the war which now has its grip on the world. It might not have occurred to them that a more appropriate time for such a display might have been eight days earlier, when a great nation which prides itself on adherence to lofty principles performed an act of treachery historically unparalleled in its scope and perfidy.

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THE REAL CAUSE OF SUCH DISPLAYS, as scientists explained after the Bismarck spectacle, lies in the action of light on minute particles of ice afloat in the upper air.

THURSDAY MORNING'S PAPER carries news of the appointment of Rear Admiral C. W. Nimitz until now chief of the bureau of navigation, to the position of commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, replacing Admiral Kimmel, who has been relieved pending investigation by the presidential committee of matters relating to the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor. That appointment revives some interesting recollections.

Early in 1924 two North Dakota men, Happy Paulson of the Fargo Forum and myself, were members of a group of about 85 newspaper men who were guests of the navy during manoeuvres in the Caribbean. Paulson and I were so fortunate as to be assigned to the battleship California, which was the flagship of Admiral Robison, then commander-in-chief of the battle fleet. Another member of our little group of eight on the California was the late F. W. Eldridge, of the Los Angeles Examiner, who afterward became the husband of Florence Bosard Lawrence, formerly of Grand Forks.



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IN THE ADMIRAL'S MESS WERE Rear Admiral Bostwick, the admiral's chief of staff, a tall, grizzled sailor, who died two or three years ago, and a much younger man, Commander C. W. Nimitz, who was the admiral's chief of staff. Nimitz, a quiet, but genial fellow, had been associated with Admiral Robison for many years. Together they had sailed the seven seas, had passed through grade after grade of the service, and had shared experiences, sometimes strenuous, and often amusing.

THE ADMIRAL WAS A PERFECT host, and an admirable story-teller. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, based on a full generation of seafaring experiences. When in doubt as to the time and place of a particular happening he would refer to Nimitz, saying, for instance: "Nimitz, was it at Hongkong or Singapore that such and such a thing happened. Invariably Nimitz would respond with the required data.

COMMANDER NIMITZ KEPT HIMSELF physically fit by means of good living habits and lots of exercise. Every day, regardless of weather or the rolling of the big ship, he went for a long walk, and one can walk a good many miles on the deck of a battleship. His walk was not a mere stroll, but a business-like performance, as if he were actually going somewhere, and with a medicine ball he could wear down either lieutenants or newspaper men.

WHILE THE ADMIRAL WAS OUR principal storyteller, Commander Nimitz had a fund of excellent stories of his own, the best of which, I think, was that of the runaway torpedo. I have told that story to many of my friends, and for all I know I may have published it here. I don't remember. Anyway, there are some to whom it will be new. It runs about like this:

WHILE HE WAS A LIEUTENANT young Nimitz was sent out on a small torpedo boat for torpedo practice. The tin fish, minus war heads, were discharged at a target, real or imaginary, and when it had run its course it would be recaptured to be used again. One torpedo, having been launched, moved erratically for a short distance, then nosed straight

down and disappeared. Evidently there was something wrong with its mechanism. A torpedo is an expensive thing, and Nimitz didn't want to lose that one. Moreover, it was important to find out what was the matter with it. As the water was fairly shallow a marker was set over the spot where the torpedo had disappeared and the torpedo boat went back to the ship and returned with a diver and his equipment to make a search.

ENCASED IN HIS RUBBER SUIT, helmet and glass face-plate the diver went overboard and disappeared, with two sailors operating the pump to supply him air. Afterward the diver said that shortly after reaching the bottom he found the torpedo with its nose buried in the mud. He racked it loose and immediately it plunged upward.

ON THE BOAT DECK THE WATCHERS saw the torpedo shoot to the surface, flatten out, and start going. It zig-zagged crazily in all directions, to the amazement of the men, who had never seen such a performance before. The men at the air pump were so astonished that they forgot to pump, and when at length Nimitz discovered this he felt sure that the diver must be dead for lack of air. He shouted an order to the men to pump, which they did, and in their excitement they overdid it. Presently up came the diver, inflated to the resemblance of a lot of gigantic sausage. The pumpers had put on too much pressure and the air had filled the diver's rubber suit.

NIMITZ SAID THAT HE FELT SURE that if the diver hadn't died for lack of air he must have been killed by too much of it. Hurriedly the inflated object was fished from the water and laid on the deck. Someone began to unscrew the face-plate, and when it was released there came from the opening such a wild burst of profanity that the plate was partially screwed back so that the explosion might be released by degrees. When it was all over the "corpse" was found in good condition and the fugitive torpedo was recaptured.

AT LEAST FIVE MONTHS AGO DIS-patches from Berlin told us that Russian resistance to the German invasion was shattered, that the Russian armies were disintegrated and everywhere in disorderly flight, that it would be impossible for the Russians to reassemble their forces into anything resembling a real army, and that all of the campaign that remained for the Nazis was the process of mopping up the fragmentary units that remained in the occupied territory.



Davies

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STORIES OF THAT KIND HAVE been repeated through the months. For one reason and another the mopping-up process has been delayed, due sometimes to the weather, and sometimes to the fact that although annihilated, the Russians had not the sense to quit, but insanelly kept on fighting, contrary to all the rules of war, and greatly to the inconvenience of the invaders. The situation which exists today, as contrasted with the stories which have until recently been sent out in streams from Berlin, indicates the degree of reliance that is to be placed on German "information."

* * *
NOT ONLY HAVE THE "ANNIHILATED" Russian armies made the Nazis fight for every inch of territory that they have gained, putting their most seasoned soldiers and their greatest possible accumulation of land and air machines into the conflict; not only have they fought the Germans to a standstill; but they have thrown the enemy back scores of miles, and everywhere along that long line except in the almost isolated Crimean peninsula, they have him on the run.

* * *
MOST OF US HAVE ACCEPTED with considerable reserve the statements that have come from time to time from Moscow concerning the punishment inflicted by the Russians on the enemy. Statistics of German dead, wounded and captured as given out in Moscow have seemed fantastic. But when all possible allowance has been made for exaggeration, there are indisputable facts which speak for themselves, and which demonstrate that in the invasion of Russia Hitler's armies have suffered one of the most disastrous defeats in history.

* * *
OF MORE IMMEDIATE INTEREST to the people of the United States than what is happening in Europe are the op-

erations in the Pacific, for it is there that direct attack has been made on the United States and there American soldiers, sailors and airmen are organizing for a real offensive against Japan. Japan's treacherous attack administered a shock which for the moment had a confusing effect, but recovery from that blow is rapidly being made, and during the second week of the campaign, even before the American offensive had got well under way, severe punishment had been inflicted on Japan in the sinking of her fighting ships and transports, the checking of her attempted invasion of the Philippines, and successful resistance offered to her attacks on American island outposts.

* * *
THE MANNER IN WHICH JAPAN precipitated this war angered the American people beyond expression. Its immediate effect has been to bring about a feeling of unity in this country such as could have been achieved in like degree and in such a brief time by no other influence. It will be found, also, to have had its effect in stimulating in all the nation's armed forces the determination to demonstrate to the world that our services can be ready and alert, and that Pearl Harbor is not to be accepted as representing a general condition or establishing a precedent.

* * *
THE ADMINISTRATION HAS ACT-ed promptly in ordering an investigation of the Pearl Harbor incident and in relieving, pending the investigation, the officers who were in command there. No good can come of loose speculation of what the result of that investigation will be. The personnel of the investigating commission is such as to command respect and confidence, and neither guesses nor recriminations will help matters in the least.

* * *
ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING made rapidly for the Red Cross drive for \$50,000,000 to finance the war services to be rendered by that splendid organization. The public is reminded that this sum is in no way related to the expenditures which may be needed to provide relief in domestic disasters. Such disasters, large or small, are of continual occurrence, and the Red Cross has maintained and will continue to maintain its civilian organization and to provide it with funds to meet whatever legitimate local demands are made upon it. The \$50,000,000 to be collected will be devoted exclusively to war needs, and it is taken for granted that the public response to the demand will be willing, instant and adequate.

FOLLOWING WHAT HAS NOW BE-
come an annual custom in this column,
I am reproducing, as I have done on other
occasions, the famous re-
ply of the New York Sun
to the question of one of
its little girl readers: "Is
there a Santa Claus?"
The article has been cop-
ied more often, I sup-
pose, than any other edi-
torial ever published, and
it is as fresh today as
on the day when it was
written. Sometime in
September, 1897, the edi-
tor of the New York Sun
received the following
letter:



Davies

Dear Editor:—I am 8 years old. Some
of my little friends say there is no
Santa Claus. Papa says 'If you see it
in the Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the
truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

The editor turned the letter over to his
assistant, Francis P. Church, and asked
him to answer it. Church is said to have
been not very enthusiastic over the as-
signment at first, but presently he got
into the spirit of it and wrote the follow-
ing reply, which was published in the
Sun on September 21, 1897:

* * *

"VIRGINIA, YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS
are wrong. They have been affected by
the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do
not believe except they see. They think
that nothing can be which is not compre-
hensible by their little minds. All minds,
Virginia, whether they be men's or chil-
dren's, are little. In this great universe
of ours man is but a mere insect, an ant,
in his intellect, as compared with the
boundless world about him, as measured
by the intelligence capable of grasping
the whole of truth and knowledge.

* * *

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA
Claus. He exists as certainly as love
and generosity and devotion exist, and
you know that they abound and give to
your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas
if there were no Santa Claus! It would
be as dreary as if there were no Virginias.
There would be no child-like faith then,
no poetry, no romance to make tolerable
this existence. We should have no en-
joyment, except in sense and sight. The
eternal light with which childhood fills
the world would be extinguished.

* * *

"NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS!
You might as well not believe in fairies!
You might get your papa to hire men to

watch in all the chimneys on Christmas
eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if
they did not see Santa Claus coming
down, what would that prove? Nobody
sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that
there is no Santa Claus. The most real
things in the world are those that neither
children nor men can see. Did you ever
see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of
course not, but that's no proof that they
are not there. Nobody can conceive or
imagine all the wonders there are unseen
and unseeable in the world.

* * *

"YOU TEAR APART THE BABY'S
rattle and see what makes the noise in-
side, but there is a veil covering the un-
seen world which not the strongest man,
not even the united strength of all the
strongest men that ever lived, could tear
apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance,
can push aside the curtain and view the
picture the supernal beauty and glory
beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in
all this world there is nothing else real
and abiding.

* * *

'NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK GOD
he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand
years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thous-
and years from now, he will continue
to make glad the heart of childhood."

* * *

TO WHICH I APPEND THE COM-
ment made in former years:

What an answer! It brushes aside the
inconsequential fictions of materialism
and goes right to the heart of the sub-
ject. Like a fresh, clean breeze, it dis-
sipates the mists of misunderstanding and
permits the truth to shine forth, clear
and distinct. It gives faith something on
which it can take hold and discloses to
us a meaning in life independent of the
trappings in which we sometimes dress
it up. It shows the perplexed parent a
way in which childish questions may be
answered, and it may help to clear away
some of the difficulties of the parent
himself.

* * *

LITTLE VIRGINIA GREW UP, MAR-
ried, became a mother, and is now Dr.
Virginia Douglas, assistant principal of
an East Side school in New York.

When she was old enough to under-
stand the editorial's full meaning, she
used to feel badly because poor children
were not able to have gifts at Christmas
as tangible indications of Santa's exist-
ence.

Later on, she says she grew to realize
that material gifts were not so important
as the faith which even the very poor
could have in something spiritual.

INNUMERABLE TRADITIONS AND customs have become associated with Christmas day and the Christmas season. Many of them are directly related to the Christian faith, while others are of pagan origin. In many cases ancient pagan forms, many of them beautiful and impressive, have been retained and given new significance by having implanted in them elements derived from the story of Jesus. Without these traditions and customs Christmas would lose much of its flavor. With the day we associate the Christmas tree and the Christmas candle, holly and mistletoe, the ringing of bells and the singing of carols, and there is a great multitude to whom the Christmas season would not be quite complete without the opportunity to hear read that famous old poem "The Night Before Christmas."



Davies

THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM, Clement Clarke Moore, was born in New York in 1779 and died at Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was graduated from Columbia in 1798, and for 29 years served as a professor in New York General Theological seminary, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning and later changing to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. He published a volume of poems and was the author of theological treatises. Like the creator of "Alice" and inventor of her amazing and amusing adventures, this teacher of serious subjects is now known and remembered for an achievement of an entirely different type, a bit of verse which he probably regarded as of no consequence, but which is known and loved the world over. It has become my custom to publish the little poem sometimes during the Christmas season, and here it is again:

* * *

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes, how they twinkled; his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and twist of his head
Soon gave me to know there was nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle;
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

WHILE CANADA HAS BEEN ACTIVELY at war for more than two years, Japan's sudden plunge into hostilities brought a change in Canada as sudden and almost as sweeping as that in the United States. Canada declared war against Germany immediately after a similar declaration had been made by Great Britain, and ever since she has been on a war footing. She has been training and sending overseas men for service in the empire's land, sea and air forces. Her industries have been turned over to the production of war material. Her tax rates have been vastly increased, and everywhere the people have been adjusting themselves to wartime demands and wartime restrictions. Canadians have been definitely aware that they are at war.



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CANADIANS, HOWEVER, HAVE NOT felt themselves seriously in danger of attack. Such precautions as have been taken have been chiefly against local sabotage. There was no thought of danger from the west, and the prospect of an enemy attempting to cross the Atlantic and bomb Canadian cities was so remote that it was scarcely given consideration. Pearl Harbor was bombarded, and for Canadians as well as for those of the United States, the situation was changed instantly. In a manner quite different from anything that had gone before Canadians became war conscious.

ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST Canada has great harbors upon which are situated the terminals of great transcontinental railways, and from those points are shipped great quantities of lumber, grain and manufactured goods for the use of the British people at home and for Allied forces in and around the three eastern continents. To check that flow of goods would be of great advantage to the Axis powers, and the bombardment of those Canadian cities and destruction of railroads that reach them was at once recognized as an imminent danger against which immediate precautions must be taken. The long Canadian and Alaskan coast, with the string of islands reaching almost to Japan, offer distinct possibilities for destructive raids, and Canada has thus been projected into a new phase of the war.

HOW DOES A MAN SPEND HIS time when he is 94 years old? Of course a good deal depends on the man himself, his financial circumstances, the state of his health and several other factors. J. Milo Walker, who has reached that age, finds plenty to occupy his time. A resident of the Grand Forks Home for the Aged for several years, he finds the home a pleasant place, and among its 61 inmates he has congenial friends. Assured that if he takes care of himself he is likely to reach 100, he spends many hours reading and writing. Among other things he has filled two large scrapbooks with clippings about matters that interest him. In a letter just received he propounds a question which many wise men find it difficult to answer. He wants to know "where we are going to wind up." I wish I knew.

A MAN WHO WAS BORN EARLY enough to serve in the American Civil War and is still living has seen remarkable changes in the course of his lifetime and has been an onlooker in three other wars in which this nation has been

engaged. Judge Duell, of Devils Lake, one of the two surviving members of the G. A. R. in North Dakota, celebrated his 96th birthday on December 11. In his honor his fellow townsmen joined in the celebration, and for that occasion the following poem was written by Rev. C. W. Langdon of Devils Lake:

* * *

America's Prayer

God bless our own America,
The land that we adore;
O guide and guard our country's weal,
In this, the day of war.

Hear Thou, the cry of stricken lands,
Of stricken peoples, Lord,
Unsheath Thy sword of righteousness
Bring justice to the world.

Unite us with a holy zeal
To right the world's cruel wrongs.
To break and quench the tyrants' might,
Enable us be strong.

To end the rule of treachery,
To free the o'er-run lands,
To usher in the reign of peace,
Bless Thou the nation's hands.

God bless our own America,
From shore to shining shore,
Give power to men on land and sea,
Safe pilot those who soar.

Other Years

From the Herald Files

THIRTY YEARS AGO: Three members of the Wesley conservatory faculty, C. A. Lampert, Miss Anderson and L. U. Rowland, returned from a week's concert tour of the state . . . Grand Forks county registered 25 births against 18 deaths for the month of November, a state report showed . . . Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hill moved here from Minot . . .

* * *

TWENTY YEARS AGO: A. R. Bailey won the fat man's race—and a turkey as the prize—at a pre-Christmas festival sponsored by East Grand Forks businessmen . . . Emil W. Johnson was notified of his election as an associate of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers . . . About 25 per cent of the local clerical force was laid off on the Great Northern here during a slack season.

* * *

TEN YEARS AGO: Ben Sarver Jr. and Wallace M. Nelson, students at the naval academy, arrived home from Annapolis to spend Christmas with their parents . . . Christmas skating and tobogganning was "out" in Grand Forks as continued mild weather prevented freezing of ice sheets .

WINNIPEG IS HAVING A PLAGUE of rats. On the basis of a survey recently made it is estimated that there are 230,000 of the animals in the city, which makes an average of about one rat to each inhabitant of the city. The rats are not distributed according to population, however, as they are said to be most numerous in the business section and, for some unknown reason, in one of the better residence districts.

* * *

RATS FOLLOW SETTLEMENT, and, although they are distributed by all sorts of water craft, and steamboats navigated the Red river long before there was any farm settlement in the valley, the rats that became numerous throughout the Red river valley arrived by land. Fifty years ago there were no rats in Winnipeg, or in Grand Forks, or, if there were any, their presence had escaped attention. About that time they made their appearance in Fargo in considerable numbers, having arrived, presumably, in freight cars loaded with settlers' effects. A little later the invasion had reached Hillsboro, and stragglers of the vanguard had reached Grand Forks.

* * *

WINNIPEG HEARD OF THE MOVEMENT and wrote to Grand Forks to find out about it. There seemed to be no way of checking the undesirable immigration, and the pest spread. In due course Winnipeg got its share, and I suppose the city has had approximately the experiences common to most other northwestern cities. No cause is assigned for the recent appearance of rats in Winnipeg in what appears to be unusual numbers.

* * *

THERE ARE STILL RATS IN GRAND Forks, but they are far fewer than they were years ago. It is not very long since rats were a pest, not only in the business section, but in even the outlying residence districts of Grand Forks. Most of the down-town basements had wooden floors, and beneath them the rats found comfortable lodging and excellent hiding places. Farther out, along the alleys, there were barns containing hay and grain for horses and cows, and the rats flourished there. All the sidewalks were of wood, and beneath the planking the rats would travel for blocks, unobserved.

* * *

ALL THIS IS CHANGED. BASEMENTS have concrete floors. Barns have



Davies

been replaced by garages which contain little to tempt the rat appetite. Wooden walks are done, and there is no space under the concrete walks to shelter rats. So far as I know there are no rats in the local residence districts. There are still some down-town, but they are kept fairly well under control. In some of the smaller towns the rat nuisance is still a problem but by vigorous and concerted effort the pest has been checked in several communities.

* * *

EARLY IN THE WAR GREAT Britain took a step to make available unused metals which it seems might be followed advantageously in the United States. Obsolete cannon and other equipment left over from foreign wars were collected and turned over to the government to be recast in forms more immediately useful. In this manner thousands of tons were recovered.

* * *

IT WAS THE FASHION YEARS AGO to "decorate" parks and other public places with cannon which had been captured in battle or which for some reason had become obsolete. The cannon did not enhance the beauty of the parks, and the value of the ancient weapons as souvenirs for patriotic purposes is doubtful. Down in Central park in Grand Forks is a cannon which, I believe, was captured in the war with Spain. Children climb over it, more or less, but scarcely anyone else over looks at it. The metal in it would be highly useful just now, and if all the cannon and similar objects were collected they would supply the government with an immense quantity of metal which is greatly needed just now. And in most casts the public grounds where they are would be improved by their removal.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING the story, "Money in the bank," written by P. G. Wodehouse while a prisoner of war in Germany. Wodehouse, an Englishman, was in France when the great collapse of June, 1940, occurred, and before he could adjust himself to the rapidly developing situation he found himself surrounded by Germans. He has been in custody ever since, but he has been treated more like a guest than a prisoner. Being an author, with a continual urge to write, he was furnished writing materials and given comfortable and quiet quarters so that he might give undivided attention to the story that he had under way.



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WHILE THIS IS AN INTERESTING experience for Wodehouse, the results will add little to his literary reputation. Plot and characters alike are miscellaneous fragments of former creations, warmed over, and the warming over hasn't quite taken the chill off the ingredients. Of course Wodehouse can't be expected to create another Jeeves for every story that he writes, but one can't avoid the impression that he could have done much better if he hadn't been even technically a prisoner of war.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH STYLES of reporting and interviewing are noticeably different. One may not be any better than the other. They are just different. The American style runs to direct quotation, or, if the speaker is not quoted directly, the custom is to eliminate all appearance of quotation, in which case the reporter gives the substance of the conversation in his own language and in his own way. In England the indirect style is favored, speeches and interviews being given in the third person, but in a manner quite different from the use of the third person in American articles. The English method really amounts to direct quotation without quotation marks, often with the exact words of the speaker used, but with the third person used instead of the first person. To the American reader the English style is likely to seem roundabout and evasive, and I suppose the English reader would find the American style blunt and abrupt. Such differences contribute to that variety which is the spice of life.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, BEING greeted by the newspaper men who crowded to meet him at the White House the other day, was asked if he expected post-war problems to be discussed by himself and President Roosevelt at their forthcoming conferences. He replied that he hoped not, as the present emergency comes first. Perhaps that reply will be disappointing to some who read about it. There are those who, realizing that after the war many and important readjustments will be necessary, have given those readjustments first place in their thinking, to the exclusion of problems of the immediate present.

IT IS QUITE CERTAIN THAT AFTER the war weighty problems will present themselves for solution, and no thinking person can be indifferent to them. But the immediate and pressing task is to win this war, and the war can be won for liberty only through the united, intensive

and unceasing effort of those who wish liberty to be preserved as the heritage of mankind.

UNLESS THERE IS THIS UNITY AND fixity of purpose the war cannot be won for liberty, and unless it is so won planning for "after the war" will be waste of time and thought. Totalitarian victory will automatically cast the world in a new pattern, a pattern in which freedom of thought and freedom of action will have no place. Hence it is that the facts as they are now must be faced with stern realism. There is no escape from the fact that just now we must address ourselves to the production and use of instruments of destruction, to the end that the forces that threaten the existence of a livable world shall be annihilated.

CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR BROUGHT to us war news of varying import productive of emotions in which satisfaction and distress were mingled. News from the Pacific and Far East was of a character to impress on us the fact that there is a hard fight ahead. Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor has had a far-reaching effect on operations on the other side of the Pacific. With Pearl Harbor intact and the fleet based there unscathed it would have been necessary for Japan to maintain in or near her own territory and waters the main part of her sea and air forces in order to safeguard the island kingdom itself and its lanes of communication with the south. Enough damage was done at Pearl Harbor to remove that menace and give the Japanese almost a free hand in their early operations.



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* * *

IN THE OCCUPATION OF GUAM, Midway and Wake Japan is now in possession of the stepping-stone from Hawaii to Asia. Japan has been able now to seize Hongkong, which gives her an excellent position from which to carry on her operations against the Philippines. She has been able to send to the Philippines a force far superior in number to the American force. The smaller force commanded by General MacArthur is fighting against great odds to defend Manila from Japanese attacks launched from several directions, and it is an open question whether defense can be maintained until reinforcements arrive.

* * *

ALL OF JAPAN'S CURRENT OPERATIONS are aimed at Singapore. It was to facilitate attack on that strong Allied position that she struck at Hawaii, Midway, Wake and Guam and that she is now engaged in a major battle for possession of the Philippines. With Singapore still in the hands of the Allies the occupation of all these other positions would be of minor advantage to her. Hence the Allied strategy of the Pacific is based on defense of Singapore. Every other position might safely be yielded so long as Singapore is held.

* * *

IN OTHER AREAS, WHERE WAR operations have been in progress for longer time, the Allies have fared better. The Russians have been continuing their pursuit of the fleeing Germans on almost all fronts, and the Germans seem to have

positions where they can secure themselves for the winter. Reasons for Hitler's assumption of personal direction of his armies remain obscure, but his appeals and those of Goebbels and of the German press to the German people for warm clothing for the men at the front and the frank predictions from those sources of a long, hard war, seem sufficient proof of realization by the Nazi authorities that their condition is becoming desperate.

* * *

BRITISH OCCUPATION OF BEN-gasi, for some time denied in Rome, although the British were already arranging for the task of administering the conquered colony, is a significant and important step in the struggle for control of the Mediterranean and the Middle East. German overtures to Turkey have as yet brought no perceptible results. There is every reason to believe that Turkey will make no concessions to Berlin except under threat from superior force, and German reverses are likely to have an important influence in Turkey's decision.

* * *

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ADDRESS before a joint session of the senate and the house of representatives on Friday was one of the most moving and eloquent in a long series of speeches by a man who has established himself as one of the most brilliant and convincing speakers of his age. It was, too, a characteristic speech, for, following the course that the speaker has pursued from the beginning, emphasized rather than minimized the grim character of the war in which the English-speaking nations are now engaged. In his first address after assuming the British premiership Churchill told the British people that he had nothing to offer them but "blood, sweat and tears." It was in that tone that he delivered his message to America. He envisioned a time of hardship and sacrifice, but he expressed supreme confidence that those upon whom trial and suffering have been imposed will prove equal to the task before them, and that their struggles will be crowned with triumph.

* * *

THERE WAS IN THE CLOSING PAS-sages of the Churchill address a reminder of what might have been, but was not. After the last war, said Churchill, if Great Britain and the United States had stood together, the present catastrophe could have been prevented without the shedding of a drop of blood, and he expressed the hope that the mistake of that time will not be repeated, with the world plunged for the third time into such an experience.

DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE United States and with quite a number of them in North Dakota, are many men to whom the war news from the Philippines will bring recollections of stirring events of more than forty years ago, of the war with Spain, and of the Filipino insurrection which followed, and which proved a tougher problem for the United States than did the war with Spain. The present war has also brought recollections to Mrs. D. E. Weaver, of Webster, North Dakota, who writes as follows:

* * *

"THE PRESENT SITUATION IN THE Pacific has brought to my mind a poem I gave at a patriotic gathering a short time after the battle of Manila. Although I was quite young at that time, the poem comes to my mind very clearly, and I am enclosing it, and if you think your readers will be interested, you may publish it. I do not know the author. I think I learned it from a paper or magazine."

* * *

BATTLE OF MANILA

'Twas on the first of May
When Dewey led the way
Unto Manila bay
And faced the foe.
Our hero was aware
Of all the perils there,
But what did Dewey care
When told to go?

'Tis now the dead of night,
There's not a star in sight
Our ships bear not a light on either side.
The waves roll gently by,
The breezes gently sigh
A peaceful lullaby unto the tide.

Each seaman holds his breath
And all is calm as death
Save that now travaileth the laboring
screw.

'Tis God alone doth know
What fancies strange do grow,
What visions come and go, now 'mong the
crew.

But hark! that loud report,
It comes toward our port,
They're firing from the fort,
They've seen our sparks.
Their challenge we defied
And quickly we replied.
A volley from our side
Soon stopped their barks.

With boldness nigh divine
On steamed our gallant line,
Defying fort and mine heroically.
At last they reached the bay,
Their colors flying gay
All ready for the foray to win or die.

The Spaniards' blood ran cold,
Their wrath they could not hold
To see the Yankee bold so early there.
Ere rose the morning sun
The battle had begun
When loud the foeman's guns
Rang through the air.

Then Dewey, ever brave,
Our champion of the wave,
The well known signal gave,
"Avenge the Maine!"
Loud from many a lung
The fiery signal rung
When proud Olympia
Flung death to Spain.

We never lost a son,
A vessel, or a gun.
The fight was nobly won,
Long live the brave!
Our stars and stripes to-day
Are flying proud and gay
Above Manila bay.
Long may they wave!

* * *

PERHAPS SOME READER WILL RECALL the verses and the name of the author. Every considerable war has been productive of verse, ranging all the way from real poetry to doggerel, and incidents of every war have been celebrated in song. The war of 1812, of course, gave us "The Star Spangled Banner. The Civil War inspired such songs as "John Brown's Body" and "Marching Through Georgia," and on a loftier plane the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." During the former World War there were written and sung many songs which were for the moment immensely popular, but which are seldom heard today. Out of the present war, undoubtedly, will come many new songs. How many of them will outlive the war itself?

AS THE YEAR COMES TO A CLOSE there is a turning of thought toward the past, and no matter what the old year may have brought us, there is a touch of sadness in our farewell. And, as we approach the New Year, it is often with high resolve, and always with hope. Few feel so utterly defeated as not to hope that the coming year will be better than the last. Tennyson has succeeded, better, perhaps, than any other poet, in interpreting the two moods in which we bid farewell to the old year and welcome the new. I have used two of



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his poems on that subject before, and because I feel that they have never been more timely and appropriate than in this present time of confusion I repeat them here:

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he does not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He brought me a friend and a true true-love,

And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see;
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.

To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirpt: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin
Alack! our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes: Tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

A new face at the door.

* * *

GRANDER AND MORE SOLEMN
are those more familiar lines:

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night..
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.